

IDA.



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SUNG BY

M I S S D O L B Y,

Composed by

G E O R G E L I N L E Y.

CHAPPELL, 50 NEW BOND STREET

PRICE 2'

IDA.

THE WORDS BY THE REV.^d J. MOULTRIE ~~~~ THE MUSIC BY GEORGE LINLEY.

VOICE.

ANDANTE E CANTABILE.

PIANO

FORTE.

Ritard: For _ _

get thee! if to dream by night, And muse on thee by day, If

all the wor-ship, deep and wild, A faith-ful heart can

pay; If pray'rs in absence, breath'd for thee To

heav'ns pro-TECT-ing pow'r, If wing-ed thoughts that

flit to thee, A thou-sand in an hour. If

tempo

bu-sy fan-cy blend-ing thee With all my fu-ture

lot, If this thou call'st for-getting thee Thou

art, indeed, for got....

ritard:

For-get thee! bid the fo-rest birds For-

get their sweet _ _ est tune, For _ _ get thee! bid the

sea forget To swell be _ neath the moon; Bid the

thirs _ _ ty flow'rs for _ _ get to drink The eve's re _ fresh _ ing

dew, Thy _ _ self for _ _ get thine own sweet land, With it

ral: *tempo*

mountains wild and blue, For - get each old, re -

mem - ber'd face, Each long remem - ber'd spot, When

ral:

these things are for - got by thee Then thou shalt be for -

got *ritard:*

got *ritard:*

SONGS FROM UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Words and Music

BY

GEORGE LINLEY.

Beautifully Illustrated

BY

BRANDARD.

No. 1.

Eva.

"I sent for you all, because I love you. I love you all, and I have something to say to you, which I want you always to remember. I am going to leave you; and I want to give you something that, when you look at, you shall always remember me. I'm going to give all of you a curl of my hair; and, when you look at it, think that I loved you, and am gone to Heaven, and that I want to see you all there."—UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Oh! gather round me those I love,
My strength fades fast from me;
My heart, like some poor, wearied dove,
Now sighs at rest to be.
I'm going to the Spirits' Land,
Where angels vigil keep:
I soon shall join that happy band
I've gazed on through my sleep.
Oh! pray that you may come to me,
When worldly troubles cease,
Where souls unite, from sorrow free,
In love, and joy, and peace.

This last, sad token of my love,
In mem'ry of me wear,
Think that I'm gone to Heav'n above,
Eternal bliss to share.
I feel the friendly hand of death
Upon my trembling heart:
Farewell! receive my latest breath,
In fondness, ere we part.
Oh! pray that you may come to me,
When worldly troubles cease,
Where souls unite from sorrow free,
In love, and joy, and peace.

No. 2.

The Slave Mother.

"Nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore, on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap—impossible to anything but madness and despair. The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it, but she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy, she leaped to another and still another cake;—stumbling—leaping—slipping—springing upwards again."—UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

OVER the turbid stream she springs,
In madness and despair;
While round her neck her infant clings
With timid, trembling air.
The ice is sinking 'neath her feet,
And rush the waters wild;
But death to her were far more sweet,
Than parting from her child.
Her only trust's in Heav'n above,
She feels that God will save;
Oh! nought can quench that mother's love,
Tho' man may deem her slave.

With weary steps and fainting heart,
She gains the wish'd-for shore,
And tears of deep emotion start,
To know they're safe once more.
She folds her lov'd one to her breast,
But whither can she roam?
Ah! where shall that poor wand'ring rest?
Where find a friend or home?
Her only trust's in Heav'n above,
She feels that God will save;
Oh! nought can quench that mother's love,
Tho' man may deem her slave.

No. 3.

Evangeline.

"She was one of those busy, tripping creatures that can be no more contained in one place than a sunbeam or a summer breeze."—UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Sportive and free,
As the summer air,
Bright as a ray on the mountain stream,
Glides she along,
Like a spirit fair,
Happy and blest, as in some sweet dream.
Oh! what a soft and heavenly light
Beams from those eyes of violet blue,
While o'er a brow as marble white,
Float her long tresses of golden hue.
Sportive and free,
As the summer air,
Bright as a ray on the mountain stream,
Glides she along,
Like a spirit fair,
Happy and blest, as in some sweet dream.

List! to the tones
Of her silvery voice,
Clear as the notes of the wood-lark's song;
Well may each heart
In her strains rejoice,
As 'round her fairy-like form they throng.
Oh! may no care that young flow'r blight,
Never may sorrow her bosom grieve,
Calm be her days, as the sun-set's light,
Sweet as the stillness of autumn eve.
Sportive and free,
As the summer air,
Bright as a ray on the mountain stream,
Glides she along,
Like a spirit fair,
Happy and blest, as in some sweet dream.

No. 4.

Liberty.

"But now I'm a free man, standing on God's free soil, and my wife and my child I claim as mine. We have arms to defend ourselves and we mean to do it. I know very well that you've got the law on your side, and the power," said George bitterly; "but you haven't got us. We don't own your laws; we don't own your country; we stand here as free, under God's sky, as you are; and by the great God that made us, we'll fight for our liberty till we die." George stood out in fair sight on the top of the rock as he made his declaration of independence, the glow of dawn gave a flush to his swarthy cheek, and bitter indignation and despair gave fire to his dark eye; and as if appealing from man to the justice of God, he raised his hand to Heaven as he spoke."—UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

To find a home in stranger lands,
To burst the bonds that bound him,
The hunted slave undaunted stands,
His fell pursuers round him.
Despair hath strung each manly nerve,
And fired his glistening eye;
From freedom's path he will not swerve,
Though death be frowning by.
'Tis vain to plead the tyrant's cause,
Each human tie profaning;
The free-born soul defies their laws,
And ne'er will brook enchaining.

Below him yawns the deep ravine,
His loved ones crouch beside him;
Oh! nought from them his heart can wean,
Whatever may betide him.
His hated foes ascend the rock,
But, vanquish'd, quickly flee;
Down, down they reel beneath the shock,
The slave at length is free.
'Tis vain to plead the tyrant's cause,
Each human tie profaning;
The free-born soul defies their laws,
And ne'er will brook enchaining.

No. 5.

Emmeline and Cassy.

DUET.

"What use will freedom be? Can it give me back my children, or make me what I used to be?" Emmeline, in her child-like simplicity, was half afraid of the dark moods of Cassy. She looked perplexed, but took her hand with a gentle, caressing movement. "Don't," said Cassy, trying to draw it away—"you'll get me to loving you; and I never mean to love anything again." "Poor, Cassy!" said Emmeline, "don't feel so! if the Lord gives us liberty, perhaps he'll give you back your daughter; at any rate, I'll be like a daughter to you—I shall love you, Cassy, whether you love me or not." The gentle child-like spirit conquered."—UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CASSY.

Oh! what to me, a care-worn slave,
Would freedom's gift now be?
Can it my children e'er restore,
Or yield past joys to me?
The light of hope, that cheer'd in youth,
Can cheer this heart no more;
I care not, now, to be lov'd,
I ask none to deplore.

EMMELINE.

Weep not! from idle grief refrain,
Oh! chase those gloomy thoughts away,
For He, who watches o'er our path,
Will all life's sorrows once repay.
Though fate hath frown'd upon thy lot,
Each woe endeavour to forget;
And though the world may love thee not,
Oh! I will love thee yet.

DUET.

Trust in Him, for He can save
Alike th' oppressor and the slave:
Let our prayers to Heaven ascend,
He's our Father and our Friend;
We'll fear no more, since He can save
Alike th' oppressor and the slave.

CHAPPELL, 50, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON.